THEATRICAL JOURNAL.

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METROPOLITAN THEATRES.

Drury Lane.—The comic drama call d *Speculation* has been produced this week for the purpose of Mr. C. Mathews' versatile talent; he is on the stage two-hours and a half, planning, scheming, and love making in all its varieties; it is a most extraordinary piece of acting, and not capable of being described, it must be seen to be appreciated. Mr. Roxby is nevertheless to be admired for the manner he supported him and the more smaller parts are most efficiently acted by Messrs. A. Younge, Tilbury and Worrall; the female characters are rendered with discriminating judgment by Mrs. Selby and Miss Oliver. The one act old farce entitled 'Number One Round the Corner' has also been introduced and affords immence amusement. Then we have Madame Labarere, with a troupe of lions, bears and dogs: this lady whose manners are very fascinating and who appears to be about forty years of age, enters an immense cage where the beasts are confined; they appear quite docile and are perfectly at her command, scarcely any coercion seems to be required; they sit at a table and take their food without appearing to be at all of a ravenous disposition; they assume a variety of attitudes, and not the least fear appears to be entertained for the safety of the female who thus disposes of them at her will and command, the performance was loudly applauded. The grand Egyptian spectacle 'Nitocris' goes off with increased effect. At the *Haymarket* Miss Cushman has been assuming a round of characters since our last. Mrs. Haller in the Stranger, Lady Townly in the Provoked Husband, but though last not least Meg Merriles in Guy Mannering, all of which are finished pieces of acting. The Manager of Sadler's Wells has been giving a greater variety than he generally serves out. The Midsummer Nights Dream has been revived, Love's Sacrifice and the Comedy of Errors have brought good houses.

AMATEUR THEATRICALS

London Mechanics' Institution.—The elocution class gave their quarterly Entertainment on Friday last. On our entering the theatre, Messrs. Carter, Collins, Cox, and Latham were delivering a portion of Shakspeare's play, 'Richard the Second,' each member taking great care to impress the audience with the beauty of the language and its import, which gave rise to the most profound attention, and elicited enthusiastic applause at the conclusion. The 'Mourners,' by Eliza Cook, was recited by Mr. Latham, but it appeared to be a subject ill chosen for an audience of the description before the reciter. Nor did Mr. Latham succeed, his voice being thin and weak; he was scarcely audible at times. A one act farce by R. P. Johnson, was well acted by Messrs. Carter and West,

the female parts being sustained by Misses Stuart and Fitzclarence. It is a neat, lively affair, the dialogue being pointed and witty. It went off with eclat, and the young ladies were very happy in their personifications, particularly Miss Fitzclarence, who is excellent in the mischievous chambermaid characters. Mr. J. Toms wanted more force and energy in the recital of the 'Death of Marmion,' otherwise he understood the subject. Readings from Lass v. Lawyer, by Mr. West and Mrs. Holland, never fails to prove a trump card upon these occasions; the lady is nothing less than clever, and her broken French accent admirably well managed. As for West, he is the very character the author intends, both in person and action. The scene where he goes to sleep was in excellent keeping and truly natural—it may be set down as a piece of acting worthy of a great artist. A'Beckett's 'Stage Passions,' delivered by R. Carter, told well upon the ear of the audience, and the reciter proved quite equal to the task. The concluding piece, called 'The Fast Coach,' owed much to its success by the inimitable acting of Mr. H. J. Gaskill, who possesses great originality in low comedy. He appears very young, and must have studied hard to become so perfect in so long and arduous a part; he was highly entertaining, and caused incessant laughter. The other characters were well sustained by Messrs. West and Cox, and Misses Stuart and Fitzclarence.

Globe Theatre, Newington, Nov. 15.—This being the club night, we paid a visit to this petite theatre. The first piece was 'Self Accusation;' it was very well sustained. Mr. Poucioni as Edward Howard, was effective and gentlemanly. Stephen Darville was forcibly played by Mr. Herbert, and Joe Ruby found an apt representation in Mr. Roberts. We cannot compliment Mr. Duncan on his personation of Luke Brandon. Stewart Dawson was ably delineated by Mr. West. Miss Mountford and Miss Lawrence, in the characters of Patty Ruby and Lucy Brandon, were all that could be desired. Next came the burlesque of 'Bombastes Furioso.' Artaseoniums, Mr. F. P. Brown, Fusbos, Mr. L. Lee, Bombastes, Mr. Page, Distafinu, Mrs. T. P. Brown. To criticise them individually is unnecessary; the piece was played so well throughout, that it would be invidious to award more praise to one than the other. Suffice it to say it was worthy a larger stage and more numerous audience. The scene from 'Othello' came next, and was well rendered by Messrs. Lee, Cooper, and Scott, who were loudly called for at its expiration. The farce of 'I've Eaten my Friend,' concluded the Entertainment. The Wigsby of Mr. Alford was commendable; the other characters were fairly filled. The house was well filled with a select audience, although the weather was very inclement.

CABINET.—When the amateurs will be sickened of playing the *Lady of Lyons* we know not, but we can only repeat for the fiftieth time, that we are satiated of witnessing their performance of it. On Tuesday, the 20th, this play was brought before a very respectable audience, and performed in a mediocre manner. As we cannot say much in favour of the Claude Melnotte of Mr. Edwin, we shall abstain from making any particular remarks, and content ourselves by stating we have seen many worse and certainly many better. Mr. Chapman was efficient as Mons. Deschapelles; Mr. Smithers threw a little spirit into the part of Dumas; Messrs. Kent and Pearson uttered the dialogue intelligible. Miss Grosvenor was worthy of a better Claude, for she played with very great energy and feeling, and was rapturously applauded; Mrs. Malcolm looked and acted Madame Deschapelles as an old stager, and is very amusing in the character; Miss L. Stewart is improving, and only wants practice; there is a deficiency in her gestures—she never alters her features, whether she has to express grief or pleasure; she must not forget the meaning of the words she is uttering, and the situation

she is placed in. The little drama, *Time Tries All*, followed, and went off tolerably well. Mr. W. A. Chapman, who undertook the part of Leeson, is well worthy of notice; he was well dressed for the character, and had formed a good conception of the old retired merchant; Mr. Bolton, who undertook the character of Matthew Bates, at a short notice, is getting familiar with stage business, which is a great help to him in his acting; his last scene with Laura was effective and elicited approbation, but we would advise him to walk about when he has to repeat soliloquies, and not stand looking into the pit as though he was addressing the audience; Mr. P. Cadogan did as much for the part of the Hon. Augustus Yawn as the character deserves, and Mr. B. Benjamin was comic as Tom Tact, and who is a mixture of the Harley and Compton style of acting. Miss Grosvenor as Laura, looked the pretty little pet to the life in the riding habit, and her acting was as usual spirited and graceful, and Miss L. Stuart as Fanny Tact, chattered away in good chambermaid style, and at the conclusion the curtain fell amidst loud applause.

PERFORMANCES OF THE WEEK.

DRURY LANE.

A Game of Speculation, the Lady of the Lions, with a troupe of Lions, Tigers, Beasts.

HAYMARKET.

Guy Mannering, Court Favour, and a Farce.

PRINCESS'S

How Stout You're Getting, and Henry the Eight.

ADELPHI.

Maria Ducange, and Valentine and Orson.

LYCEUM

Anderson's Mysteries.

STRAND.

Monsieur Jaques, Barnaby Bridge, and Nitocris.

SADLER'S WELLS

Love's Sacrifice and the Pleasant Neighbour.

GRECIAN.

Day of Reckoning and the Golden Branch.

ASTLEY'S.

The Fall of Sebastopol and Scenes in the arena.

SURREY

Love and Honour and the Flower Girl.

MARYLEBONE.

The Wizard of the Wave and Teddy Roe.

STANDARD.

Alexander the Great and the Mysteries of Paris.

BRITANNIA.

Born to Good Luck, and the Life of Jonathan Wild.

CITY

The Wren Boys and Time Tries All.

CASINO DE VENISE.

These beautifully decorated and superb suite of rooms, including the largest and best ventilated ball room in the metropolis are open every evening in the week with Mr. W. M. Packer's Celebrated Band. Admittance One Shilling.

ROYAL POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION.

Patron, H.R.H. Prince Albert.—Under entirely new management.—Also Mr. S. Curlton's Imitations of London Actors.

MR. WOODIN'S OLIO OF ODDITIES.

The above entirely new Comic Entertainment, illustrated by fifty instantaneous metamorphoses of voice, character, and costume.

TUSSAUD'S EXHIBITION.

The King of Denmark, His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge, the Emperor and Empress.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Notice.—All letters and correspondents to be forwarded to W. Beatow, Editor, No. 11, Holford Square, Pentonville, post paid.

J. W. B.—Mr. Shirley, at the Sohc Theatre, will give you lessons at a moderate charge.

G. B. J.—The poetry came to hand, and shall have a place at our first convenience.

J. Paul.—The lady is not married; we never state their ages till we find they have entered into the happy state.

A Rover.—Will, no doubt, be more comfortable if he will be steady and attend to his own business; a country actor's life is but a very

sorry affair, unless he is an actor of repute, and can command £3 per week, which very few can.

J. Simpson.—What professions have produced the best and most actors? We think lawyer's clerks and ignorant printers.

Histrionics.—Did Mr. T. Smith, of Drury-lane Theatre, ever play? He is always playing at the game of speculation. but we never knew him to act a part, except that of manager in addressing the audience, which he always does with ability.

W. Townsend.—Has you cannot say anything favourable to the performance, we must decline the insertion, having no wish to do the proprietor an injury.

Dudley.—The performance at the Cabinet on Tuesday in our next.

The Theatrical Journal.

Wednesday, November the 28th, 1855.

ADELAIDE THORNTON,

Or the Actor's Wife.

Written expressly for the Theatrical Journal.

Chapter VI.

For a long time Adelaide remained in a state of helpless unconsciousness, and it was not until long after the dawn of morning that suspended animation gave token of returning life. She at first awoke as from some hideous dream, but as the stern reality flashed across her brain, she clasped her hands convulsively and groaned aloud. The little boy who, unharmed, had scrambled to the mat before the fire, was sleeping soundly in happy ignorance of his mother's poignant misery.

The blinding tears which fell in anguish from her eyes, were not sufficient to cause her to forget her child, and, bending softly to the ground, she pressed upon his cheeks a fond and earnest kiss, and taking his little hand in hers, she pressed it gently to her breast. She remained some moments in this position, her overworked imagination travelling back with lightning speed to the time of her marriage—to that happy time, when, in exchange for her true and trusting heart, her cousin had plighted his. How deeply she had loved him—striven by every little art her tender nature could suggest, to make the sterner realities of life as pleasing and as light as in his happiest dreams he ever could have wished, and now although the hand that should have been the foremost in her defence, had been lifted high in angry passion to inflict that unkind blow. Yet true to her vow and woman's nature, she loved him still as deeply and as dearly as when at the altar steps she first knelt beside him, and heard the vow he made to cherish and protect her. Oh! could he but have seen the tears she shed, and viewed her pale and anxious face, as she watched so eagerly for his return, his heart must have softened in admiration of her affection, and he would have received a lesson from her suffering, which must have penetrated to his soul, and caused him to recoil in horror from the remembrance of the cowardly outrage he had perpetrated.

A week of sufferings, such as she had never known before, passed away, and yet she had heard nothing of her husband; day after day past, and brought her no tidings of him. Her scanty stock of money was now nearly exhausted, and as the thought of requiring the requisites to sustain life, suggested itself to her mind, she became almost mad with grief; and after every one else in the house had retired for the night, she would auxiously take her station at the window, and watch in eager hope for her husband's return.

The long, cheerless nights were passed in silent suffering—her only comfort was in her child, and often would she sit beside him as he slept, and watch for hours the gentle heavings of his little breast, as he lay locked in sound and sweet repose, and as she listened to his gentle breathings, a tear would fall unbidden from her eye; and while she fondly glanced at the little innocent being lying there so calmly in his sleep, a thousand vague and timid fancies would haunt her mind, and in imagination she beheld her babe crying piteously for bread, herself uneasy to appease his wants, and driven by stern necessity to seek for sustenance in the public streets.

For one whole week, as darkness ushered in the night, she took her station near the door, to watch with anxious hope her husband's return.

Oh! could she but have heard his welcome step upon the stairs, what joy would have been hers—could she but have heard his voice uttering one word—one little word of kindness to her, how amply would she have felt he made amends for all his past unkindness.

But, oh! there is no joy so sweet as this for her. Morning after morning follow on in quick succession, and night returns again, and yet he comes not; but still in anxious hope she keeps her vigils and watches on.

To be continued.

PICKINGS FROM OUR LETTER BOX

THE LAW OF PROGRESS IN THE DRAMA.

There is a story told of Ugo Foscolo, that some fop at a party asked him, with an ironical smile "Do you think, sir, that I have a soul?" Foscolo turned to him, and answered fervidly, "I don't know if you possess a soul, but, by God! I know I do."

There is no argument to be compared with feeling; and we say to those who laugh at the idea of a spiritual drama, and tell us they do not want it,—and not profanely, but reverently—"By God! we do."

"And what do you mean, Sir, by a spiritual drama?" is asked. We answer—"Something to make us better, truthfuller." Although we agree that "it was a right blessed thing that Shakespeare was born into the world," we are confident that the great man, if he had lived in these days, would have written very differently from what he did in his age, when society was in a transitional state, and principles were unfixed.

It is impossible to read many of Shakespeare's dramas—even while we admire their sublimity, and admit their august power to the fullest extent, without recoiling from them with horror and disgust. We are not squamish; we would be the last to say that even adultery and murder, or anything short of monstrous and unnatural crimes, are unfit to form subjects for the poetic drama; but at the same time, we are not called upon to hold up to the admiration of the world what is barbarous and bloody, and to assert that there is nothing but beauty in unmitigated horror and filth.

The genius of a Shakespere cannot satisfy humanity for ever. We should be sorry if it could; for the yearning's of man's soul are infinite, and the mind of an archangel is not infinite. We despise the dull, sordid dogmatism of the herd of small writers, who lay down canons of criticism after the Johnsonian method, to "cabin, crib, confine" the imagination and genius of poets. We want no shadowy psychology, no cloudy trancendenralism,—we want nothing that all men of intelligence may not understand; but we reject with scorn the supposition that reflective minds and noble hearts can be content with the flimsy productions of farce-writers and playwrights; and reflection and nobleness are diffused with the progress of civilization, until from "the pilgrimage to the holy sepulchre, they seek the holy temple"—a temple not built with hands—beautiful with the smile of Eternity. Is the passionate imagination—is the intense yearning after Good and Beauty implanted in the dramatic poet's soul vainly? Is he not to lead others on, as he has been led himself, to transcend the creeds and systems which are chained to earth in order to have deeper faith in Providence, and hope for all?

The Hamlet to come—if it is to come—must not be the Hamlet of speculation and philosophy; he must be the spiritual hero of a new era, consecrating his aims to the universal and enduring. This Shakespeare would have made him now, and we agree with one of our friends, a distinguished writer, that "Hamlet should have been written in ten acts to develope all it was susceptible of." The artificial cycle of the drama may be said to have closed. We are weary of the art which chiefly studies "to hide the wheels of its machinery;" and all cold abstractions and lifeless shadows we are convinced will attract no longer. Neither would we

return to mere reality, were it as excellent as the pictures of Wilkie and Hogarth, the lyrics of Burns, the novels of Fielding and Thackeray, or the acting of Bouffe and Mrs. Keeley. The supernatural in the highest sense of the word must take the place of comedy, or if it does not supersede it entirely, must subordinate it to its proper sphere. The motto of the new tragedy must be "it is a great thing to die," and with that must be subjoined "it is a blessed thing to be born." We must not make existence so dreary as it has appeared in the pages of the old tragic writers. It must not appear an insoluble problem as in Faust, we must not acknowledge that one human being in this divine universe has been created in vain. Nor are we to shut our eyes to hideous crimes and monstrous injustice. On the contrary in the spirit of of universality, the cry of human agony should be sent up to heaven as fearfully as of yore; but not a cry for vengeance and for blood. There is no spectacle so sublime as that of a glorious heroic man dying for the sake of principle and amid the martyr's flames, turning his majestic eyes on his persecutors, and saying "I forgive thee." The spiritual drama breathes Love alone.

OUR POET'S CORNER.

THE THEATRE.

Night after night,
Have I sat, in the sight,
Of the history of the past.
Day after day,
Hath glided away,
Whilst the shadows were fleeting fast.
I thought and said,
The long lost dead
Have broken their bonds at last,
And again at e'en
'Fore the curtain green,
Have I mixed with the motley throng,
Who strange to say
Where grave or gay
As the history rolled along.
What matter, said I,
That heroes die,
Or kingdoms pass away;
For night by night
In the grey twilight,
The phantoms begin to play,
Discoursing again
In harmonious strain,
The deeds of the years that have fled,
Whilst they mournfully tell
Of the woes that befel,
The lives of the mighty dead,
Or they mix in the throng
Where the jest and the song
Give life to the festal scene;
Whilst the gallant and fair
Are every where,
To give grace to the sparkling scene
All honour is due
To the noble few,
Who teach, by the works of the past.
With voice and with pen
We will cheer them then,
And pray that their labours last.

G. B. J.

A QUESTION ANSWERED:

Did you see the Editor of the *Theatrical Journal* at his Complimentary Benefit at the Strand Theatre on the 25th September, 1855?

I saw him on the stage—but what of that?
Why, on his head, he wore a large brown hat;
His waistcoat white, his trousers black, and new;
His coat with buttons gilt, the colour it was blue.
Then on he came, with voice quite loud and clear,
And acclamations followed, far and near.
One cried, 'The old chap looks both gay and well,'—
Another said, 'he smiles at that young girl.'
But when the wine he took, it griped him sad,
And poor old fellow, he look'd really bad;
It turn'd him sick and made him look quite pale,
Tho' in his part he really did not fail.
O, no, he knew the piece he had to play,
And, in his study he has turned quite grey;
I made no doubt but he would do his best,
And then applause would surely do the rest.

His name was uttered, as by magic spell;
And so it was; for when the curtain fell,
So on he came, bow'd grateful o'er and o'er,
With heart elated—he could do no more.
The play then over, entertainment ends
By thanking all—the Man of Many Friends.

The Editor on returning thanks at the conclusion of the farce, said, he thought he might with propriety on the occasion borrow the title of the new play, and call himself 'The Man of Many Friends,' which gives rise to the last lines in the poetry.

F. B. W.

PROVINCIALS.

BRISTOL. -- Theatre Royal.—*Uncle Tom's Cabin* has been revived here during the past week. The inimitable Miss St. Casse personated her original character of Eva, and Mr. G. Melville his original characters of George Harris and St Clare. With the names of the above talented artistes in the bill, no wonder the drama proved successful: every part of the house was crowded to excess each night of its performance.

MANCHESTER.—*Allied Circus.*—The greatest attraction during the past week has been Mr John Henry Cooke, from Astley's, in his new and extraordinary Bridge feat, which is the most novel and clever feat of equestrianism we have seen for many years. The bridge is forty feet long, five feet, six inches across, and eight feet high. The leap is made from the back of a horse, just as it is entering at full speed one end of the bridge, and the time is calculated to such a nicety, as enables the artist to reach and leap from the other extremity on to the animal's back just as it emerges from beneath. We should like to have been able to state that a re-engagement had been made with Mr. Cooke; but for the present we must content ourselves with having seen him once.

QUEEN'S.—On Saturday last the favorite drama, 'Peter Bell,' was produced, in which Messrs Donald, Brindal, and Warlow appeared and acted in the most able manner in the several characters allotted to them; the piece was altogether well cast, and reflects great credit upon all the performers.

OUR LITTLE CHATTER BOX.

Theatricals at Windsor.—The first performance took place on Wednesday last. The *corps dramatique* left town in a special train, and at the Windsor terminus found carriages in waiting to convey them to the Castle, where tea, coffee, and biscuits were immediately served. These refreshments were also at hand during the evening. The performance took place in St. George's Hall, which was very nicely fitted up. The theatre was arranged and the scenery painted by Mr. Thomas Grieve. Sheridan's comedy of 'The Rivals' was selected, and the parts were filled according to the following programme.—Sir Anthony Absolute, Mr. Bartley; Captain Absolute, Mr. A. Wigan; Sir Lucius O'Trigger, Mr. Hudson; Faulkland, Mr. J. F. Cathcart; Acres, Mr Harley; David, Mr Keeley; Fag, Mr Roxby; Coachman, Mr. Paulo: Acres' Servant, Mr Barsby; Mrs Malaprop's Servant, Mr Cormack; Boy, Master Recknall; Mrs Malaprop, Mrs. Winstanley; Lydia Languish, Miss C. Leclercq; Julia, Miss Heath; Lucy, Mrs Walter Lacy; Maid, Miss Clifford; Director, Mr Charles Kean; Assistant-Director, Mr. George Ellis.

The Soho Theatre was opened on Saturday under the name of the New Italian Opera. 'Lucia di Lammermoor' was the performance, a Madame Dario and Signor Albeini, of the Royal Italian Opera, being the principal interpreters of Donizetti on the occasion.

ADVERTISEMENTS

MR. VAN BUREN has the honour to announce that he has taken the Establishment known as the 'Crown and Cushion Tavern,' 9, Little Russell Street, Drury Lane. In soliciting the suffrages of his numerous Friends and Patrons, he trusts, by courtesy and attention, combined with a full determination to vend THE VERY BEST ARTICLES THE MARKETS OFFER, to ensure a continuance of their patronage and support.

LADIES THEATRICAL COSTUME WAREHOUSE,
31 Bow Street, Covent Garden.
Established 1840

Satin, silk, and velvet trains, Ball, fancy, and private dresses, mantles, etc., new and second hand, can always be obtained of Mrs. Harrison, 31 Bow St., and 6, Princes Street.

Satin boots, shoes, silk stockings, Lace, feathers, Ornaments, etc., of the best quality, at the lowest price.

Ladies theatrical dresses made to order correct to the costume of any period required.

Ladies in the Provinces can have any commission executed with punctuality, and at the lowest price by sending a post office order directed as above.

Theatrical and masquerade Dresses lent.

Wardrobes purchased to any amount.

CASINO DE VENISE High Holborn, NOW OPEN, for the Winter Season, EVERY EVENING in the week, entirely and beautifully re-decorated. Mr. W. M. Packer's celebrated Band performs nightly a programme (varied each night) of the newest and most fashionable Dance Music, including the Allied Army and Etoile du Nord—Quadrilles—Pinella and Lily of the Valley—Waltzes—Zerlina and Minnie Polkas—Moldavian and Turkish Schottische—Le Vassoviana Nationale—The Robin and Nightingale Redowas—Vive l'Empereur—Sebastopol and Victory Galops. Doors open at half-past 8, and close at 12 o'clock. Admission, 1s.

AMATEUR THEATRICALS.

Ladies and Gentlemen desirous of practice, either as an amusement or of adopting the Stage as a profession, will meet with every facility by applying to Mr. Dryden or Mr. Wharton, at the Cabinet Theatre, Liverpool-street, King's Cross, any evening between the hours of Eight and Ten o'Clock, except Saturday.

ROYAL SOHO THEATRE.

Licensed by the Lord Chamberlain.

Lessee, Mr. Mowbray. Manager, Mr. Shirley.

The Patrons of this establishment are respectfully informed, that during the recess it has been entirely redecorated, and, embellished in the most costly and elaborate style, and, may be pronounced without fear of contradiction, the most elegant theatre in the Metropolis, it will contain one thousand persons, and, is to be Let nightly or otherwise for Concerts, Lectures, and Dramatic Performances. Amateurs are invited to visit the Saloons, which are open nightly, and where may be seen castes of the various plays in preparation. The right of playing a single piece may be purchased, and, professionals anxious to take a Benefit, will find their interests especially considered. Mr. Shirley prepares pupils for the stage, with actual practice thereon, without which proficiency cannot be attained. A single lesson may be taken, or arrangements, made for a course, on very moderate terms.

Rejoice ye Children of the Thespian Art.

SAMUEL MAY, Theatrical Tailor, 35 Bow Street, Covent Garden will be glad to treat with Ladies and Gentlemen engaged in amateur performances, for the sale or hire of stage costume. A large assortment of every necessary for the same. Wardrobes made to order. Persons about to follow the profession will do well to give Mr. May an order for their outfit; costume, character, elegance, economy and punctuality, are studied. Instructions and patterns given to Ladies wishing to make their own dresses. Mind the address. Samuel May, 35, Bow Street,

MADAME TUSSAUD AND SON'S EXHIBITION. NEW ADDITIONS.—The Emperor and Empress of Austra, Marshal St. Arnaud, Lord Ragland, Omar Pasha, the Sultan of Turkey, the Emperor of Russia, The Queen of Spain, Espartero, the Duke of Victory, The Napoleon Golden Chamber completed, various relics added, &c. Open from eleven in the morning till ten at night.—Madame Tussaud and Son's Ex-Exhibition Bazaar, Baker-street.—Admission, 1s. Napoleon Rooms, 6d. extra.

THE GLOBE THEATRE.

(Late Newington Hall.)

Francis Street. Opposite Newington Church.

Stage Manager, Mr. T. F. Brown.

This elegant little theatre, to Let for dramatic performances, concerts, or lectures. Gentlemen wishing to practice for the profession or otherwise will find every convenience for so doing at unprecedented low costs. In the green room casts of various plays are being filled up, and any person wishing to take a part in them can do so by applying to the stage manager. The plays in preparation are Hamlet, Macbeth, Othello, Romeo and Juliet, Honeymoon, John Bull, and various others, both in farce and tragedy. Gentlemen can become members of the club by the payment of 10s. per quarter. The Club performances take place every fortnight. Particulars for letting can be obtained of the stage manager, at the theatre, between the hours of 8 and 11 every evening.

MR. EDWARD STIRLING, Manager of the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, Lyceum, Adelphi, Olympic, Strand, and Surrey Theatres, receives pupils for the stage. For terms, particulars, etc., apply to his residence, 46, Leicester Square, or at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane.

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.—Mr. E. T. SMITH, Lessee.

Respectfully announces to the Nobility, Gentry, his Friends and the Public, that his BENEFIT will take place on Thursday, December 6th, 1855, on which occasion Pieces of great Novelty will be performed, supported by Charles Mathews, Miss Glyn, and a host of talent unequalled by any theatre in London.

Published every Wednesday Afternoon at 4 o'clock by Vickers, 28, Holywell-street, Strand, to whom communications, Mr. W. Bestow, No. 17, Holford Square, Pentonville, where all communications are to be addressed, and by J. Allen, Warwick-lane; Harris, Blackfriars-road; Gilbert, Paternoster Row; Shaw and Willson, 7, Bridge Street, Covent Garden; and all Booksellers and Newsvendors.

Manchester, James Daggett, 52, Great Ancoats and Mr. Lynch, Market Street; J. E. Forsyth, 94, Scotland Place Liverpool. To be had, by order, in any of the Provincial Towns.

London—Printed by W. COLEMAN, 2, Hatchet Court, Little Trinity Lane, and 23, Dowgate Hill.